Gre. Naie, I dare not sweare it.
Tran. Then thou wert best say that I am not *Lucentio*.
Gre. Yes I know thee to be signior *Lucentio*.
Bap. Away with the dotard, to the laile with him.

Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Bianca

Vin. Thus strangers may be haild and abusd: oh monstrous villaine.
Bion. Oh we are spoil'd, and yonder he is, denie him, forsweare him, or else wee are all vndone.
Exit Biondello, Tranio and Pedant as fast as may be.
Luc. Pardon sweete father. *Kneele.*
Vin. Liues my sweete sonne?
Bian. Pardon deere father.
Bap. How hast thou offended, where is *Lucentio?*
Luc. Heere's *Lucentio*, right sonne to the right *Vincentio*,
That haue by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit suppotes bleer'd thine eine.
Gre. Heere's packing with a witnesse to deceiue vs all.
Vin. Where is that damned villaine *Tranio*,
That fac'd and braued me in this matter so?
Bap. Why, tell me is not this my *Cambio?*
Bian. *Cambio* is chang'd into *Lucentio*.
Luc. Loue wrought these miracles. *Biancas* loue
Made me exchange my state with *Tranio*,
While he did beare my countenance in the Townes;
And happily I haue arriued at the last
Vnto the wished hauen of my blisse:
What *Tranio* did, my selfe enforst him to;
Then pardon him sweete Father for my sake.
Vin. Ile slit the villaines nose that would haue sent me to the laile.
Bap. But doe you heare sir, haue you married my daughter without asking my good will?
Vin. Feare not *Baptista*, wee will content you, go to:
but I will in to be reueng'd for this villanie. *Exit.*
Bap. And I to sound the depth of this knauerie. *Exit.*
Luc. Looke not pale *Bianca*, thy father will not frowne.
Exeunt.
Gre. My cake is dough, but Ile in among the rest,

Out of hope of all, but my share
Kate. Husband let's follow,
Petr. First kisse me *Kate*, an
Kate. What in the midst of
Petr. What art thou asham'
Kate. No sir, God forbid, b
Petr. Why then let's home
Kate. Nay, I will giue thee
Petr. Is not this well? co
Better once then neuer, for neue

Actus

Enter Baptista, Vincentio, G
Bianca, Tranio, Biond
The seruingme
in a

Luc. At last though long,
And time it is when raging wa
To smile at scapes and perils ou
My faire *Bianca* bid my father
While I with selfe same kindne
Brother *Petruchio*, sister *Kate*
And thou *Hortensio* with thy l
Feast with the best, and welcor
My banket is to close our stom
After our great good cheere:
For now wee sit to chat as well
Petr. Nothing but sit and si
Bap. *Padua* affoords this k
Petr. *Padua* affords nothi
Hor. For both our sakes I w
Pet. Now for my life *Ho*
Wid. Then neuer trust me
Petr. You are very sensible,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Taming of the Shrew* (STC 22327) LONDON, 1631 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.1